

RS. CUSUMANO IN DEATH CELL

PRESIDENT TAFT MAY QUIT RACE

SECOND EDITION

SUNDAY'S AMERICAN

By "Bud" Fisher



The Somerville team of the Greater Boston League climbed one notch higher in the league standing by defeating the leaders, Everett-Chelsea, 4 to 3, at Somerville field yesterday afternoon.

South Boston walloped Dorchester in a free hitting game, 13 to 11, while Malden-Medford and Lynn broke even at 2 to 2 after six innings at Malden High School field, the game being called at the expiration of a previously agreed time limit.

Today's league game at Somerville with Dorchester will be called at 1:30 p. m., in order to allow the high school boys to play.

AT MALDEN.									
Malden Medford.	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	5	0
Lynn.	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	5	0
Batteries—Owen and Yates; Scamlin and Baxter.									

AT SOMERVILLE.

Somerville	10000200	1-4	0-2	R. H. E.
Everett-Claire	20100000	0-2	0-1	A. J.

Batteries—Carter and Quinn; Walsh and Glone.

AT SOUTH BOSTON.

South Boston..... 0 0 3 0 4 2 1 3 5-13 15 7
Dorchester..... 0 0 4 0 2 0 2 3 0-11 12 8
Batteries—Witham..... 0 0 4 0 2 0 2 3 0-11 12 8
Motions.....

ALL-DAY TRAP SHOOT.

The Piesces hold an all-day shoot today at the Wellington traps in which more than fifty shooters from all parts of this State, Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island are expected to participate.

BREWERS BUY M'INTIRE.
MILWAUKEE, May 30.—Harry McIntire has been purchased by the Milwaukee American Association from the Chicago National League club.

Business Notice.
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THE WORLD
MAY 23 1904 BOSTON

AT 336/ BOSTON





BOSTON AMERICAN

Largest Circulation in New England,
DAILY and SUNDAY.

We Live and Grow Upon Our Dead Brothers

Civilization Rises From the Examples and the Thoughts of Dead
Men—Just as the Forest Trees Rise From Dead
Leaves and Dead Trunks

Today is set apart in honor of the dead. A majority of all newspapers earnestly advise their readers to think of the heroes in the graveyards and "the brave fighting boys of the past."

A small percentage of the population DO devote Decoration Day to looking backward. But those that think of the dead and decorate the graves are chiefly the old people, tired men and women with their eyes turned toward the other shore and the long sleep that follows this struggle.

Most of us devote the day to amusement, excitement, relaxation—and properly enough. Our lives are short, holidays are few, reverence and honor do no good to the dead, and are wasted UNLESS THEY DO GOOD TO THE LIVING. And nothing does good to the living except what the living actually FEEL.

These are not days in which the average man develops much thought to the past. Human beings live actively in the present, dodging difficulties and automobiles, catching trains, paying taxes, looking for work. It is a busy age—there is little reverence in it.

And if we find it necessary—as we do—to talk about Decoration Day, we prefer to wait until AFTER Decoration Day, knowing well that the ordinary citizen on that holiday is too busy with baseball or fishing to think of anything less recent in history than the latest "score" or the latest slang.

When the holiday is over and you are all back at work—those of you that are lucky enough to have regular work—you may spare a moment to think of what the living owe to the dead.

You have walked through a big forest and have noticed the growing trees. They spring from a soil that is made up OF LEAVES, TRUNKS AND TWIGS OF DEAD TREES. The old trees have fallen and gone back into the earth. The leaves, blossoms and pollen have scattered down, enriching the soil. And the tallest tree, with his head above the forest, reaches up so high BECAUSE ITS ROOTS SPREAD OUT WIDE AND FEED UPON THE DEAD TREES OF THE PAST.

So it is with us human beings. We grow with our roots in the past, feeding upon the dead, of whom we remember a few and necessarily forget the great majority.

Men sail the ocean safe in a swift, straight line, thanks to some dead man in whose brain was born the discovery of the compass.

Tens of thousands of astronomers explore space and give us knowledge. And this knowledge comes from the dead brain of Newton, who gave us the law of gravitation.

Millions of men write and think, and the roots of their thought are buried in the brains—the writings—of dead men. We feed our children on wheat and rye and oats—and those things we owe to human beings that seem to us infinitely ancient—FOR THE GRAINS WERE DEVELOPED, CULTIVATED AND GIVEN TO US BY SEMI-SAVAGES, LIVING BACK IN THE STONE AGE.

Tens of millions of newspapers every day spread over the earth's surface news of what has happened. Every newspaper springs from the dead brain of Gutenberg, who gave us the printing press, and from the brain of the old Chinese of centuries past, who invented the movable type.

The ocean is covered with steamships—they came from Fulton's brain.

Hundreds of millions of human beings are clothed BY THE BRAIN OF AKKRWIGHT, THE HUMBLE MAN WHO INVENTED THE SPINNING JENNY.

OUR IDEAS are old, we get them from dead men. Our LANGUAGES are old, all the words produced by dead men—our songs, our poems, our proverbs, our rhymes, even our jokes, and all of our ambitions are old.

We, as Bacon said, "are the ancients." We are the old people inheriting the thought of the young people, those that came when the world was younger, and that left to us the results of their struggles, and thinking, and planning.

We ought to be grateful to the dead. We ought to recognize humbly the fact that the roots of our thought are planted in the skulls of dead men, that the roots of our ambition spring from the hearts of men that struggled here before us.

WE OUGHT TO BE ESPECIALLY GRATEFUL TO THOSE TO WHOM WE OWE A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Today is a day set apart in honor of men that died for their country. We are cynical in these days, cynical about pensions and about old soldiers. There is many a sneer under a fashionable hat, in a foolish head, when the brave fighting men are discussed. But to those men this country owes a great debt. They not only kept the country united, they not only died for an idea, BUT THEY SET US THE GOOD EXAMPLE OF UNSELFISHNESS.

We get our knowledge from the dead, as we all know. But there is something in the world more important than knowledge, AND THAT IS CHARACTER. We get our character not from the brilliant men, not from those of better line, stronger thought than their fellows, BUT FROM THOSE THAT ARE UNSELFISH, DEVOTED WILLING TO GIVE UP HAPPINESS AND LIFE ITSELF IF NEED BE FOR THEIR BROTHERS.

To whom do we owe our greatest debt? To whom should our thoughts turn on every day when THE LIVING DEAD are remembered? We look backward, and see with reverence the long line of men marching toward death for a cause, or living and fighting for a cause. And highest and brightest of all, in the long line that goes back through the centuries, we see the one beautiful, simple soul on the bare hill ("Golgotha, the skull") outside of Jerusalem.

There is the example, there is the courage, there is the death in which are buried the roots of the best that is in the human race.

We struggle and think and plan. Courageous men die for one principle, others live on and fight for another. We argue, discuss, theorize. But we shall never progress one inch morally beyond the teachings of Him who said, "Love one another," and, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto me."



Flies Can Be Eliminated It Is Man's Own Fault if He Permits Myriad-Headed Pest to Spread Disease

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

THE greatest peril of Summer is not from heat, but from flies. Man's deadliest enemy is not hot weather is the insect-looking, buzzing, impertinent, stinging house fly. It is credited in unbelief, fattens upon putridity, and plants poisonous disease wherever it alights. These are disagreeable facts which, like some others, have to be plainly stated for the good of humanity.

Safer to Have Thief in the House Than a Fly

A single fly breeds more than two hundred million descendants in forty days, and every one of them, if allowed to live, becomes a carrier of typhoid, consumption, leprosy, catarrh, plague, and every communicable disease from which mankind suffers.

It is safer to allow a burglar to go undisturbed into your silver chest than to permit a fly to enter your kitchen. You can replace what the one carries off, but not what the other takes. Your life and your children are better than your silver spoons.

Do you think that you cannot get rid of the flies—that they are a "necessary nuisance"? Then listen to this:

"THERE ARE SO FEW FLIES IN BAVARIA THAT THEY CAN IN NO WAY BE REGARDED AS A PEST. THIS IS PERHAPS DUE TO THE EXTREME CLEANLINESS OF BAVARIAN CITIES, COURTYARDS, ALLEYS, YACHTS, LOOPS, ALL ARE KEPT CLEAN, AND THE HALLWAYS AND ENTRANCES OF THE HOUSES ARE AS FRESH AS SOAP AND WATER CAN MAKE THEM."

Perhaps the only error about this is the statement that the few flies that do remain cannot be regarded as a pest. Even a few flies are a pest, even a single one is a potential pest, because of its amazing productivity. But when, by cleanliness, they have been so reduced in number it is infinitely

easier to dispose of those that remain. Every city should be rendered as free from flies as those happy Bavarian towns. One effective way to do it is to begin the fight with the first fly that comes buzzing out in the Spring. Kill him on sight; don't let him get away! Entomologists have discovered that a house fly lays on the average of 120 eggs. Within ten days each egg has become a full-fledged fly. This second generation, in another ten days, produces 14,400 flies. Ten days later the third generation appears, numbering 1,728,000. Another ten days swells the number to 207,360,000! All that myriad in forty days from a single progenitor! In the course of the Summer there are produced from ten to twelve generations of flies. You can figure out for yourself the stupendous number composing the twelfth generation.

The world would be choked with flies if this went on uninterrupted, but nature has shown her wisdom in the other inhabitants of the earth. The average life of a fly is but a few weeks. Nearly all die off, quite suddenly, with this approach of cold weather. It is not the cold that puts an end to them, but their filthy habits. Toward the end of the season they are attacked by the multitudinous minute red mites which play them in myriads. Fungous diseases seize them about the same time, and their hosts melt away under the attack.

Wintering Flies Should Be Killed Like Snakes

Yet some escape, and live through the Winter, stowed away in convenient cracks and corners, particularly in warm houses and barns. A wintering fly should never be suffered to live. They ought to be hunted out like torpid rattlesnakes. It is not from these hidden flies, however, that most of the multitudes that suddenly appear

with the first warm weather arise. They are born from the eggs that have been deposited by the last Autumn generation in piles of refuse. It does not suffice merely to cover up such breeding grounds of flies. Full-grown, new-born house flies have been seen leaping in the Spring from the surface of a pile of sand FOUR FEET DEEP with which the eggs had been covered. If such places can be thoroughly disinfected the eggs may be killed.

Remember that whenever you kill a fly you may be saving a human life. Don't let its innocent look, its singing prevarities, its comradely manners, its amusing impudence, deceive you. "Boisheub is the father of flies," and flies are the infernal agents of Death in some of its most insidious and dreadful forms.

The Voice of Spring

By JACOB J. LIEBSON

OLD Winter's packed his duds and fled his abode. Beswore his wry old face! And sweet, seductive, smiling Spring came to take his place.

A spirit from its silent sleep New wakes in bush and tree. While in the naked maple wood The sap is flowing free.

A breeze from smiling, sunny climes Now frolics as it sings. There seems to be a joyful stir About the roots of things.

I hear the calling of the road That leads to Land-of-Ease, And winds its magic way among Its colonnades of trees.

I hear a most alluring voice That makes my being burn To leave the staid city, and To Nature's haunts return.

I hear—alas! 'Tis not a call Where nature's pleasures lurk; It's just the boss in angry tones: "Hey, you, get back to work!"

Dorothy Dix Writes

Little Things
That Count
in Home
—AND—
Nagging Wives
and Grouchy
Husbands

By Dorothy Dix

IN trying to adjust the matrimonial differences of an unhappy married couple a Judge recently ruled that a husband has a perfect right to swear at and insult his wife all that he likes, and that the fact that he used abusive language to her every time he speaks to her does not constitute any ground for her bringing a legal action against him for leaving her.

Another Judge, in deciding the case of a wife deserter who had fled a home rendered intolerable by a shrewish wife, punished the man, and asserted that a wife's nagging was no excuse for her leaving her.

No doubt these two judges were perfectly correct in their interpretation of the law. No doubt the law does give a husband the privilege of snapping, and snarling, and cursing his wife as much as he pleases. No doubt the law does give a woman the right to fret, and whine, and complain, and fuss on her grievous as much as she likes, and to badger a man out of his very soul, but if the law does permit these things it ought to be changed.

The divorce law is supposed to only take cognizance of great crimes, but it isn't the big things that make or mar a marriage. It is the little things. It isn't even the big sin that a man or woman may commit once, or twice, in a lifetime that really counts.

Little Meannesses are the Cause of Real Misery

It is the little meannesses, the little hatefulnesses, the daily looks and words and actions that rile our tempers and rub our fur the wrong way, that make the real misery or an unhappy marriage.

There isn't a woman in the world who, if given her choice, wouldn't rather have a husband who came home blind drunk once a month and gave her a black eye, but who was amiable, and pleasant and agreeable, all the balance of the time, than to be married to a man who was as sober as a village pump, but who was always grouchy and cross, and never said a pleasant word in the family circle.

Not even infidelity the hardest thing a wife to forgive in a husband. Many a wife overlooks her spouse's weakness for pretty faces because he is just as gallant and charming and makes as many delightful speeches to her as he does to other women. And she's wise to do so conveniently blind, for such a man makes a thousand fold happier home than the man who is the pattern of all the virtues, but who never opens his mouth in his own home except to find fault.

And so, naturally the same thing may be said concerning women. The worst wife on earth, the one that can bring most misery down on her husband's head, is the nagging wife. Compared with her the woman who is a poor cook, the woman who is a bad manager, the woman who is extravagant, even the vain and flirtatious woman is a capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

In proof of this, if you will

notice you will observe that as long as a man's wife is sweet, and affectionate, and cheerful, and good natured, and sufficiently liberal to give him some degree of individual freedom that he will put up with a deal of bad house-keeping and wastefulness from her.

Woman's Hard Work Is All in Vain if She Nags.

On the other hand a woman may work her fingers to the bone for her husband, and fret herself to a fiddle string trying to pare and scrimp and save to help him, and all her labors will be in vain if she is terrible and complaining and fault finding, and if he knows that he has got to endure a nagging or a certain lecture every time he shows up at home half an hour late.

For these reasons the divorce law should be amended, and instead of not being considered at all, nagging, chronic fault-finding and abuse should be put at the head and complained of, which would entitle men and women to divorce.

Next to these crimes against the peace and happiness of matrimony, should come the great silent grouch which spreads its pall over so many families, and which is a greater enemy to the home than ever was the Demon Rum.

Surely if any woman on earth has a right to a divorce, and all the alimony in sight, it is the woman who is married to a man who speaks to her as he would not dare to speak to any woman who had an able-bodied brother to defend her, and who is cur and covered enough to take advantage of his position as husband to curse her and insult her. Certainly if any man in the world is justified in simply getting up and leaving his wife it is the man who is unfortunate enough to be tied to a woman who talks from morning until night, and who comes home from her hard day's work to be fretted and nagged and complained of, and plagued with tears and hysteria.

What are the big offences for which divorce is granted compared to these never ending aggravations? Nagging, fault-finding, chronic ill-will, and keeping your temper and your nerves sore.

Moreover, there is this to be said, that the fear of the law is the "hamman's whip" that keeps the wretch in order. In many cases, and a man who now feels free to swear at his wife and curse her would keep a civil tongue in his head if he knew that he would have to pay her alimony if he didn't, and that the permanence of his home depends upon the patience of his wife. Likewise, many a woman who now bullies her husband into doing as she wishes, and who would uphold him if he sed from her nagging.

It is the little things that make misery or happiness in marriage. If you take care of the amenities the morals will take care of themselves.

The First Memorial Day

MEMORIAL DAY had no formal beginning. Like Topsy, "It just grew."

In 1864, James Redpath, who had been a war correspondent and was then supervising the school work in Charleston, S. C., suggested one day to a lot of little colored girls whom he was trying to teach something in a little church, that they decorate the graves of their friends and defenders who fell in the fight for freedom. Out spoke a little

"It's all of us as we go an' get a bunch of flowers from the garden, and we'll go to the graves from sight. We'll see 'em as we go, and we'll see 'em as we go, and we'll see 'em as we go."

Mr. Redpath said that set him to thinking, and in a few days he announced to them that they could tell their neighbors and planters every where that they would decorate all the graves of the soldiers who had died during the war. It was a great thing that they did bring as many flowers as they could get.

News of the plan spread, and over ten thousand persons participated in the first Memorial Day in Charleston, S. C., which occurred May 1, 1865. In Charleston, S. C. From that day the custom rapidly spread, and in 1869 General John A. Logan, the first commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, changed the day to May 30.